

Stuart Martin tells of— THE STRANGLER BY NIGHT

Four Poems and all in motion



To the green. We just leaped into space, and who cares about a safety-net with all those soft snow-drifts drifting around? This is in the Alps, where anything might happen these days.

No, we deny it! There's no blank verse here, but plenty of freedom in movement, and that's what you call poetry—or do you?

To the red is the graceful end of the flingsome fandango, with flounces a-whirl awhile. Yes, Anna Neagle herself waving on the traffic.



FRAU GOERING

Herr Doktor Goebbels Has his troebels. Of course, Goering, IS very overboering. But Goering's missus Is TOO ambitious. Even the Fuehrer Can't cure 'er— Acting bold as brass, Walking down Friedrich-strasse. The Goering frau (Obviously an erring frau) Ought to show how A dame in, Say, Bremen, Or, possibly, Kiel, Ought to feel And act— With much more tact— Especially when cracks Is Showing in the Axis. Instead of which She behaves like a

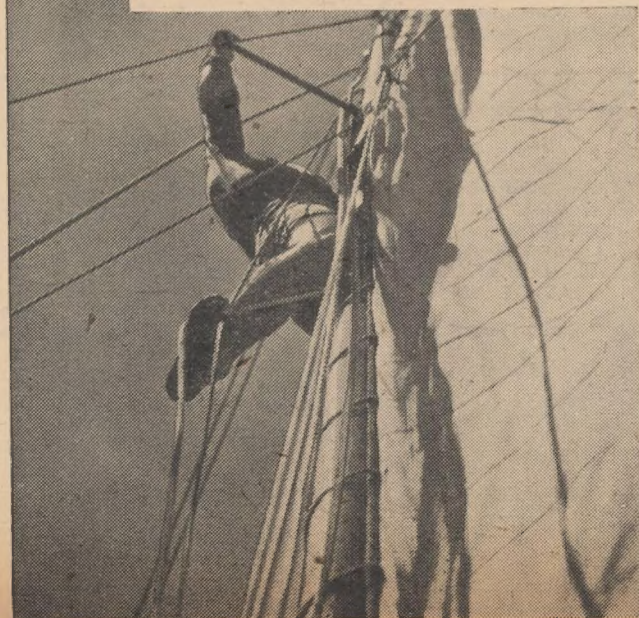
STUPID.

Blitzen und Donnerwetter! She oughter behave better. Otherwise Them Gestapo guys Will reme- Dy the behaviour of Frau Emmy.

That's all for a while. So, Sieg Heil.

O. D.

Look left! Stow Away From Boilers, we called this poem. Submariners' meet, we thought, but what a meeting, even under water! And—to the green, well, look at my clinker-built foot!



SIMON MARSTON, aged sixty-one, owner of the Marston woollen mill, was seated in his study late one winter night, when a pair of hands stretched out of the darkness and seized him by the throat.

The hands never let go until Simon Marston was dead.

They found his body in his chair next morning, sagging, inert, head hanging at an unnatural angle, and the marks of the strangler plainly visible.

Marston Mill was in Yorkshire, not far from Leeds. It got its name from its owners, Simon and Josiah. Simon, being the elder brother, held the reins, and he had a pretty firm grip at that.

A bitter man was this Simon Marston who died three generations ago in his study. Something of a tyrant to his workpeople and to his servants, and he ruled mill and home sternly. A revengeful man, too, and spiteful.

SIMON COULD HATE.

He had enemies. One of his pet aversions was a family named Patterson, who also owned a mill in the district and were his business competitors. A sort of feud had developed between the Marstons and the Pattersons.

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Simon's murder had been duplicated.

This time the police could not say it was John Patterson who had killed. John Patterson was in prison.

There were no gloves this time, nothing to yield a clue as to who was the strangler. The police were stumped.

THEORY WAS WRONG.

But the public—and Elsa Marston—were not stumped. They demanded that the case of John Patterson be re-opened. He was entitled to that.

The case was re-opened—the Home Secretary ordered it, and John Patterson shortly afterwards was restored to liberty. One of the first to meet him when he emerged from prison was Elsa Marston.

The police took down the dossier of Simon Marston's murder and deleted the word "Solved."

The police investigated again.



Turn back a page or two of time and you will see how and why the police believed they could put their hands on Simon Marston's strangler easily enough.

Old Simon lived with his daughter—his wife was long dead—in a fairly large house. This daughter, Elsa, had been meeting young John Patterson, son of the rival house. They were in love with each other.

But some days before his death Simon had been told of the clandestine meetings and had flown into a temper. He hated the Pattersons so much that he declared to all and sundry that "no member of the Marston family will ever be allowed to have any truck with the Pattersons."

This speech brought young John Patterson to Simon's house the evening before the murder was discovered. He had had an interview with old Simon, had hoped to change his mind, and a stormy interview it had been, ending in Simon bundling young Patterson out of the house.

The servants had heard the quarrel and had seen John Patterson being thrust down the front steps.

After the disturbance old Simon went back to his study and slammed the door. Nobody saw him again that night. His twisted body was found in his chair next morning.

ACCORDING TO THEORY.

Enter the police. They found near Simon's chair a pair of gloves belonging to John Patterson; gauntlet gloves. John Patterson was arrested and charged with murder.

The police had a case of circumstantial evidence. They argued and based the charge on the theory that John Patterson had returned after the quarrel, had climbed into old Simon's room—the window was open—and had strangled the old man in revenge for the insult and the abuse which had been poured on him.

Servants were called to speak of the quarrel, of the words that had been heard from behind the closed door, of the

straight home. He had not returned that space he had "walked about," thinking things over. The police said he had not walked about; he had killed Simon Marston.

Elsa Marston gave evidence in support of her lover; but she could not say that the gloves had been left, for she had not seen her father after the scene, nor had she seen Patterson.

There was drama, plenty of it, in the trial scene that thrilled Yorkshire, thrilled all England. Elsa admitted that she and John Patterson had planned to marry secretly. She pleaded with the jury for the life of the man in the dock.

"LOGIC" WINS.

The police, cold, logical according to their lights, waved the gauntlet gloves, asserted there was no other motive for the crime since there had not been robbery; demanded John Patterson's life.

There was tragedy, too. The police nearly got what they wanted. Considering what were called "extenuating circumstances," the jury gave a verdict of Guilty under provocation. John Patterson was sentenced to what was practically life imprisonment.

That was that. The police closed their dossier and marked it "Solved."

Josiah Marston stepped into his brother's shoes and took the job of running the mill. He was even harsher than his brother in his administration of business. He moved into dead Simon's house and settled down to the routine of life.

A few months passed. One morning Josiah Marston did not turn up at the mill; and a few hours later the workers flashed a new thrill to each other amid the roar of the machinery. "Josiah Marston's dead. He was strangled last night in the same room as Simon."

The news went far and wide. It was true enough. The police were already at the house, called again by the servants.

Josiah Marston had been found seated in Simon's chair, his body sagging, his head twisted at an acute angle, his neck thrwn, hanged.

They formed a theory that someone inside the house had been the strangler. Working on this theory, they subjected the servants to gruelling questioning. But the theory did not drive to a conclusion. Again there had not been robbery. So the motive must be revenge.

So far the police were on the right lines. But even in revenge there is often a forked road, and the police took the wrong fork, as events proved. While they were investigating and appealing to the public (good old Appeal to the Public!) they actually had the murdered in their hands all the time.

In a police cell a young man named Charlie Norse asked for a pen and paper. He had been arrested for assaulting a municipal official. When he got the materials he began to write a confession of how he had strangled the brothers Marston—much to the police surprise.

Let us be fair to Norse. He was one of those persons who are mentally afflicted with a grievance. (Who hasn't a grievance?) Norse's grievance was a general one against people in authority. He assaulted the municipal official, not on personal, but on general terms, so to speak.

KEY TO MYSTERY.

He had also been an employee of the Marston Mill. He had a grievance against the brothers Marston, thought they had inflicted an injustice on him. His simple, distorted mind brooded on this—and murder was the result.

It was a lengthy account he wrote, telling how he did the deeds. By some means never disclosed, he had obtained a key to the Marston house. When the servants were in bed he slipped in.

Well, they hanged Norse for it.

I believe that if Norse had been tried by a jury to-day he would not have been hanged, but would have been sent to a criminal lunatic asylum.

For Charlie Norse was not normal mentally, even if he was physically capable of being

"I know what the murderer looked like"

"I NEVER knew Sir Arthur so excited," said Bagshaw to his group of companions after the prosecuting counsel's speech. "I must say there is something creepy about that goblin with the yellow hair, with his troglodyte silence. It kept reminding me of what De Quincey says about Mr. Williams, who slaughtered two whole families almost in silence. I think he says Williams had hair of a vivid, unnatural yellow. I'll never deny that it worked me up until I felt there was a sort of monster in the dock. If that was only Sir Arthur's eloquence, then he certainly took a heavy responsibility in putting so much passion in it."

"He was a friend of poor Gwynne's," said Underhill more gently. "A man I know saw them hobnobbing together after a great legal dinner lately. I daresay that's why he feels so strongly in this case."

"Sir Arthur Travers," said Bagshaw, "wouldn't only act on personal feeling. He's got a very stiff sense of his own professional position, and he's one of those men who are ambitious even when they've satisfied their ambition. No; if he lets himself go like that, it is because he thinks he can get a conviction, anyhow, and wants to put himself at the head of some political movement against the conspiracy he talks about."

"He must have some very good reason. That means the facts will support him. It does not look well for the prisoner."

He turned to Father Brown. "What do you think of our juridical procedure?" he asked.

"Well," said the priest rather absently, "I think the thing that struck me most was how different people look in their wigs. You talk about the prosecuting barrister being so tremendous. But I happened to see him take his wig off for a minute, and he really looks quite a different man. He's quite bald, for one thing."

"I'm afraid that won't prevent his being tremendous," answered Bagshaw. "You don't

propose to found the defence on the fact that the prosecuting counsel is bald, do you?"

"Not exactly," said Father Brown good humouredly. "To tell the truth, I was thinking how little some kinds of people know about other kinds of people. Suppose I went among some remote people who had never even heard of England. Suppose I told them that there is a man in my country who won't ask a question of life and death until he has put an erection made of horse-hair on the top of his hair, with little tails behind, and grey corkscrew curls at the side. They would think he must be rather eccentric."

"But he isn't at all eccentric," continued Father Brown. "he's only conventional. They would think so because they don't know anything about English barristers; because they don't know what a barrister is. Well, that barrister doesn't know what a poet is. He doesn't understand that a poet's eccentricities wouldn't seem eccentric to other poets."

Continuing G. K. CHESTERTON'S Great Story "THE MIRROR OF THE MAGISTRATE"

"He thinks it odd," said Father Brown, "that Osric Orm should walk about in a beautiful garden for two hours with nothing to do. God bless my soul! a poet would think nothing of walking about in the same backyard for ten hours if he had a poem to do. Orm's only counsel was quite as stupid. It never occurred to him to ask Orm the obvious question."

"What question do you mean?" asked the other.

"Why, what poem he was making up, of course," said Father Brown, rather impatiently. "What line he was stuck for, what epithet he was looking for, what climax he was trying to work up to. If there were any educated people in court, who know what literature is, they would have known well enough whether he had had anything genuine to do. You'd have asked a manufacturer about the conditions of his factories; but nobody seems to consider the conditions under which poetry is manufactured. 'It's all done by doing nothing,' declared Father Brown.

"That's all very well," replied the detective, "but why did he hide? Why did he climb up that crooked little stairway and stop there? It led nowhere."

"Why, because it led nowhere, of course," cried Father Brown explosively. "Anybody who clapped eyes on that blind alley ending in mid-air might have known an artist would want to go there, just as a child would."

He stood blinking for a moment, and then said apologetically:

"I beg your pardon, but none of them seem to understand these things. And then there

ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clues to its letters.

My first is in KNAPSACK, not in LOCKER.

My second's in FOOTBALL, not in SOCCER.

My third is in TONNAGE, and not in FREIGHT.

My fourth's not in RIVER, but in PLATE.

My fifth is in BOTTOM, not in BELL.

My sixth is in WAVELET, not in SWELL.

(Answer on Page 3)

was another thing. Don't you know that everything has, for an artist, one aspect or angle that is exactly right?

"A tree, a cow, or cloud, in certain relation only, mean something; as three letters, in one order only, mean a word. Well, the view from that unfinished bridge was the right view. It was as unique as the fourth dimension. It was like looking down at heaven. Osric Orm could have looked at it for ever. If you told him the path led nowhere, he would tell you it had led to the country at the end of the world."

"But do you expect him to tell that in the witness-box? What would you say to him if he did? You talk about a jury of his peers. Why, asked Father Brown, 'don't you have a jury of poets?'"

"You talk as if you were a poet yourself," said Bagshaw.

"Thank your stars I'm not," said Father Brown. "Thank

your lucky stars a priest has to be more charitable than a poet."

"You may know more about the artistic temperament than I do," said Bagshaw, after a pause, "but, after all, the answer is simple. You can only show that he might have done what he did, without committing the crime. But it's equally true that he might have committed the crime. And who else could have committed it?"

"Have you thought about the servant, Green?" asked Father Brown reflectively. "He told rather a queer story."

"Ah," cried Bagshaw quickly, "you think Green did it after all!"

"I'm quite sure he didn't," replied the other. "I only asked if you'd thought about his queer story. He only went out for a trifle, a drink or an assignment, or what not. But he went out by the garden

QUIZ for today

1. A soutane is a bird, a drink, a cassock, a folk dance, a plant.
2. Who wrote (a) The Rose and the Ring, (b) The Ring and the Book?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—September, April, June, November, February?
4. What are Dr. C. E. M. Joad's Christian names?
5. Who said, "That was laid on with a trowel"?
6. Diamond is a crystalline form of natural glass, quartz, carbon, silica, granite.
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Idiocyntrasy, Mayhem, Excell, Lacquer, Oppugn, Mnemonic.
8. How many whiskers has a shrimp?
9. In what book do we meet Major Bagstock?
10. Correct the misquotation, "The smith a mighty man is he, with large and brawny hands." Who wrote it?
11. Hannibal crossed the Alps in 117 B.C., 217 B.C., 317 B.C., 417 B.C.
12. Who invented the saxophone, and when?

Answers to Quiz in No. 159

1. A pipe.
2. (a) J. B. Priestley, (b) Coventry Patmore.
3. Bull is a male; the others are female.
4. Calphurnia.
5. Lord Oxford (Mr. Asquith).
6. One: Cape Cornwall.
7. Pullulate, Purloin.
8. 32.
9. Uncle Remus.
10. "All that glisters . . ." Shakespeare, in "The Merchant of Venice."
11. 1746.
12. A two-handed jar.

WANGLING WORDS—116

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after IRTIE, to make a word.
2. Rearrange the letters of MAID FLEES, to make a well-known author.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: DRUM into FIFE, BIRD into SONG, SEED into TIME, WINE into LIST.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from CIRCUMSTANTIAL?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 115

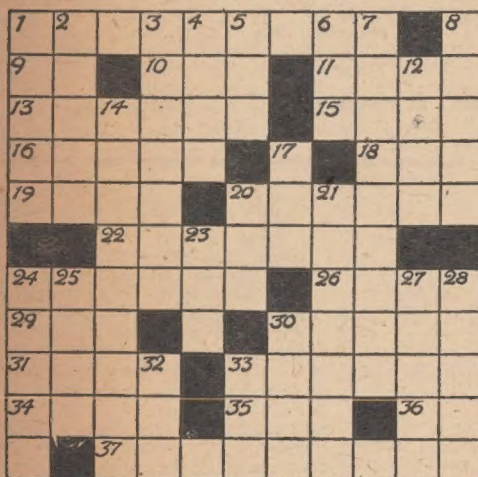
1. STeadieST.
2. SOUTHEND.
3. PAPER, CAPER, CAPES, CANES, CONES, HONES, HONEY, MONEY.
4. SAND, SANG, SONG, SONS, DONS, DOGS, BOGS, BAGS. POST, PORT, PART, PARE, CARE, CARD. COWS, COTS, DOTS, DOES, FOES, FEES, FEEL, FELL, FILL, MILL, MILK.

LET'S HAVE A LINE

on what you think
of 'Good Morning'
with your ideas.

Address top of
Page 4.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Minor officialism.
- 9 One.
- 10 Tree.
- 11 Passenger.
- 13 Water down.
- 15 Vexation.
- 16 Yorkshire port.
- 18 Spoil.
- 19 Girl's name.
- 20 Suit.
- 22 Tiresomely long.
- 24 Lovely child.
- 26 Flesh food.
- 29 Rower.
- 30 Book's name.
- 31 Settled.
- 33 Antiquated.
- 34 Fairy.
- 35 Blooming.
- 36 Towards.
- 37 Lovers of fair play.

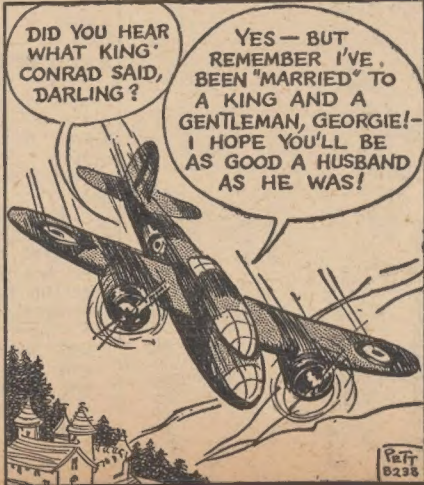
Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Member's emblem.
- 2 Concord.
- 3 Detached rock.
- 4 Backward.
- 5 Lengthen.
- 6 From.
- 7 Little monkeys.
- 8 Unit of length.
- 12 Twenty guires.
- 14 Those who hang around.
- 17 Sign of Zodiac.
- 20 Tippie.
- 21 Modern artists.
- 23 Dull hue.
- 24 Bird enclosures.
- 25 Contain.
- 27 Pick.
- 28 Wrongdoer.
- 30 Importune customers.
- 32 Rush along.
- 33 To get.

COILS LIMBS
U RETAINER
SMEAR TULIP
TENDER RODE
ONE WIDENED
M METED I
ACCEDES RAM
ROAD SIMILE
YARDS GIVEN
SALIENCE T
UTTER SERFS

JANE



door and came back over the garden wall. In other words, he left the door open, but came back to find it shut. Why? Because Somebody Else had already passed out that way."

"The murderer," muttered the detective doubtfully. "Do you know who he was?"

"I know what he looked like," answered Father Brown quietly.

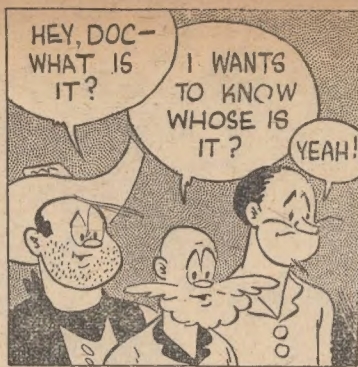
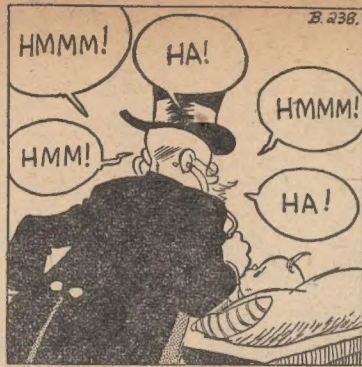
(To be continued)

From "The Secret of Father Brown."

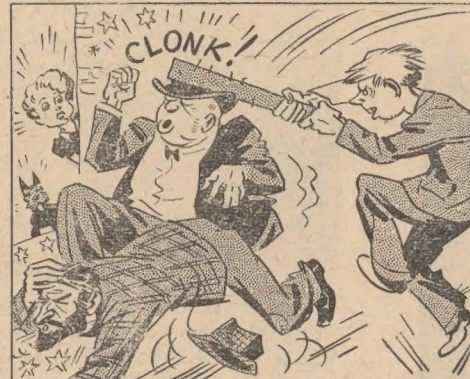
By G. K. Chesterton.

(By permission of Mrs. G. K. Chesterton.)

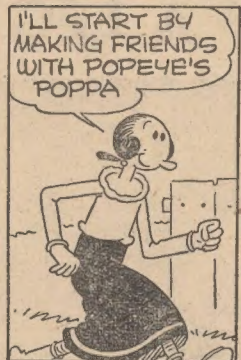
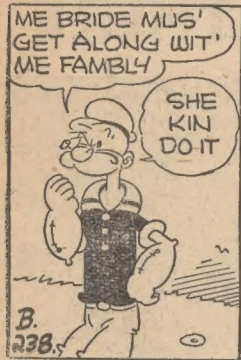
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



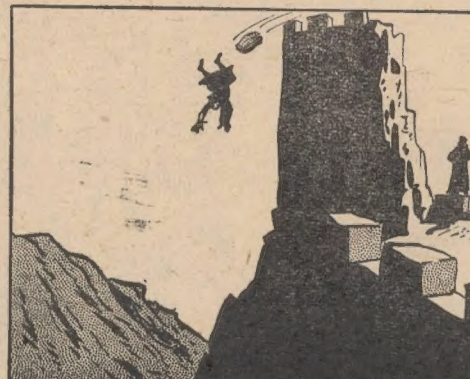
POPEYE



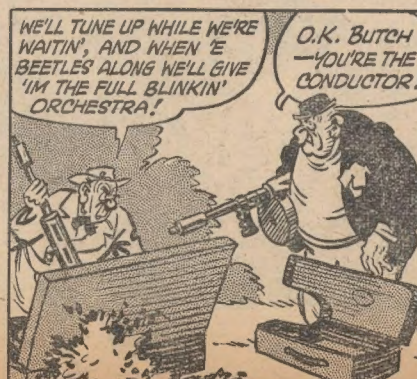
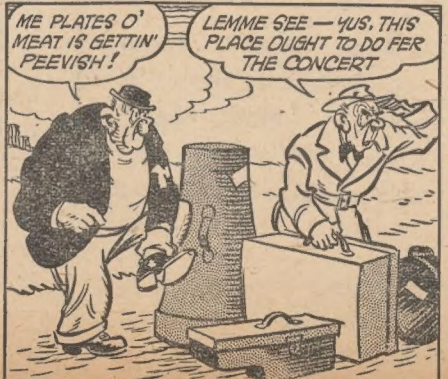
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Be your own Brains Trust

By J. S. NEWCOMBE

These Questions Test Your Knowledge about the Cinema.

Can you answer them—"Yes" or "No"?

1. Was the ribbon film in use 50 years ago?
2. Did Messrs. Lumiere invent the cinematograph?
3. Did London have the first picture theatre?
4. Is Thomas Edison's name associated with films?
5. Have the names of actors always been given with the film?

WE say, often enough in England, that the rain "came streaking down." So it appears. Actually, rain falls in separate drops, but the human eye receives impressions with marvellous rapidity, and can't get rid of them at the same speed. So the impressions overlap.

We see a man running. His successive positions merge one into another. But a single photograph or drawing cannot show motion.

In the cinema a series of pictures is used, each slightly differing from the next. To avoid blurring, a screen is placed before the eye while the pictures are changing.

The first "animated pictures" were mere optical toys. None the less, the principle employed was the same as that used in the films of to-day.

These toys had high-falutin' names. The phenakistoscope (translation, "the thing that gives one a false impression of reality") had a disc on the edge of which appeared the pictures. A narrow slit separated the pictures. You looked through the slits as the disc revolved on its axle and could see the moving picture on a mirror at the back.

WHAT GRANDMA SAW.

Great-grandmamma (1860) knew the zoetrope as the "Wheel of Life." This toy had the drawings arranged on the inner side of a hollow cylinder, which revolved on a vertical axis. The sides were perforated with slits above the pictures.

The weakness in both these novelties was that the slits caused distortion. In 1877 came the praxinoscope, invented by a Frenchman, M. Reynaud. The pictures were reflected by mirrors set halfway between them and the axis of the cylinder, a mirror for every picture. When the mirror came at right-angles to the vision the undistorted picture was visible.

The motion picture was an accomplished fact when Edison—and here is the answer to Question 4—exhibited his kinetoscope at West Orange, N.J., in 1889, using a strip of Eastman roller film. His kinetograph, or camera, weighed a ton, and this was the first ribbon film, which clears up Question 1.

Phantoscopes, bioscopes and photoscopes were operating before Messrs. Lumiere achieved fame at Paris in 1895 with their cinematograph. These were "pictures" as we know them to-day, thrown on to a screen for a large company to see. And that is the answer to Question 2.

Anticipating large profits in the cinematograph, commercial firms got busy. Hundreds of patents were taken out.

The Mutoscope and Biograph Company, an American concern, announced its intention "to make and exhibit animated pictures on a great commercial scale."

LED TO RUIN.

Two things slowed down the development of the films. One hundred and eighty people perished at a charity bazaar in Paris when a film projector caught fire. In the same year, 1897, Edison launched a legal campaign for the protection of his invention. This patent war was violent and involved. It hampered the industry for more than a decade, and ruined many.

Now to answer Question 3. The first motion picture theatre, known as a "nickleodeon," opened in Pittsburgh in November, 1905. The feature film was called "The Great Train Robbery," and it was the first "story" picture ever shown.

Direction in those days was crude. In 1907, a young American, David Wark Griffith, worked out a new screen technique. He introduced the "close up," the "cut back," the "fade out" and "dissolve."

Pictures were in one reel. Multireels began to appear in 1909, but exhibitors were strongly against them, and they were released one reel at a time. This was the serial film of happy memory. The reel always ended bang in the middle of some hair-raising action, and was "continued next week."

It is difficult to believe—but this answers Question 5—that in those early days of film-going the players were anonymous. After a time, filmgoers began to look forward to seeing again their favourite players. The "star" came into being.

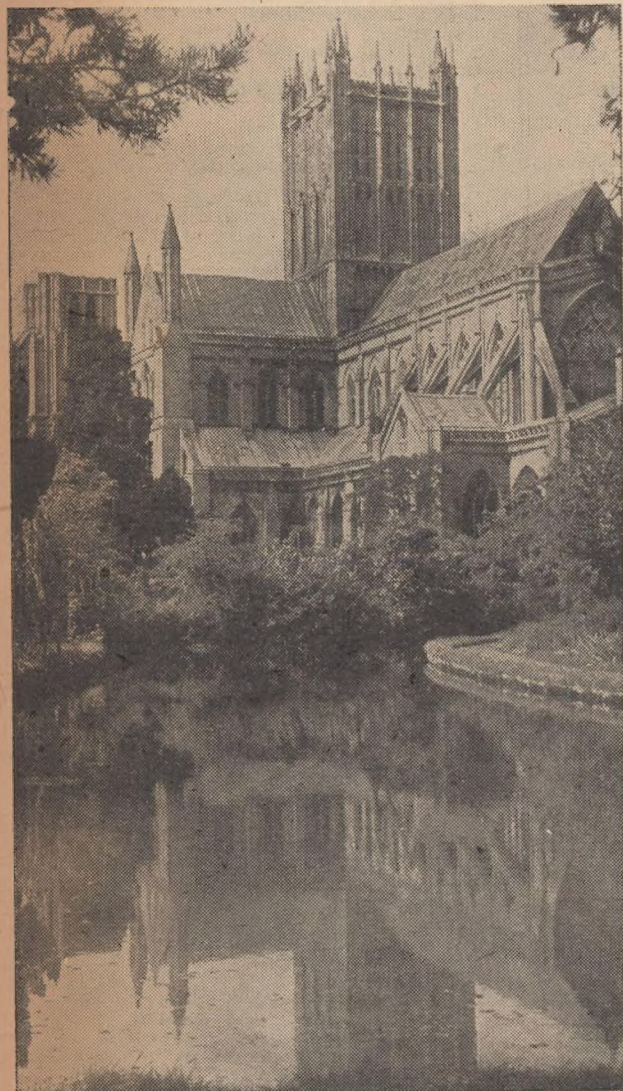
Young Griffith's production, "The Birth of a Nation," fired the imagination of millions in America and Europe. It is still regarded as the first classic of America's film industry. In America alone, £500 millions are invested in the film industry. "Gone With The Wind" cost £1,000,000 to make. It is believed to net a profit of £2,000,000 at least—when it ceases to show.

Solution to Allied Ports:
PANAMA.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

This England



Wells Cathedral, Somerset. Originally built by Edward the Elder. Completely rebuilt, the work was finished in 1242. Nestling at the foot of the Mendips, this charming edifice typifies serenity. Have you ever watched two swans on the moat pull the bell-cord at meal-time?

RAVISHING IN RAGS



"You lazy old blighter, you! Don't you know the band has quit?"

★ Dona Drake, Paramount star, shows us what "glad rags" really are. ★



H
E
L
P

SHOW A LEG THERE



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF



"Dog Watch, huh?"

"Once upon a time there were a lot of children who lived in a very poor district of London, and were very sickly. Then a school was built for them right on the top of some new flats. The children's health and education improved so much that the school became known as the 'Miracle School.'"
This is it, boys — St. Pancras, London.

